

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One year, in advance, \$1.00. One year, in advance, \$1.00.

Thursday, September 8, 1881.

LATEST FOR THE PRESIDENT.

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 8, 8:30, A. M. The President was restless and wakeful up to midnight, after which he slept until morning. Pulse, 104. Temperature, 98.7. respiration, 18. His general condition appears more encouraging.

Signed by the President's physicians.

THE VERY LATEST.

LONG BRANCH, 3 P. M.

President's pulse 90: no fever: getting along nicely.

A new medical college is shortly to be established in Baltimore by several medical gentlemen of that city. The new college will be distinguished for several new features, among others being the rule that only believers in the Christian religion can become members of the faculty. It is also proposed to admit ladies as students, primarily to afford female missionaries the opportunity of acquiring a medical education before their departure for foreign lands. A third feature is that dentistry will be included in the curriculum. The terms of study will be lengthened to seven and a half months, to begin with, and ultimately may be made of nine months' duration. The location of the college is not yet determined upon. It is expected that lectures will begin by November 1 next. Articles of incorporation will be filed with the following as the faculty: Dr. Harvey L. Byrd, professor of obstetrics and diseases of children; Dr. W. Robert Monroe, professor of materia medica, therapeutics and hygiene; Dr. B. F. Leonard, professor of physiology, and clinical professor of diseases of the rectum; Dr. Henry Froeliching, professor of chemistry and toxicology; Dr. L. Roberts Coates, professor of general, surgical and descriptive anatomy; Dr. J. L. Wheaton Clapp, principles and practice of medicine; Dr. Adolph C. Hoen, lecturer on histology and microscopy. Dr. Byrd is the president, and Mr. Monroe dean of the faculty. The chair of dentistry will be filled in a few days.

The first American flag that was ever displayed in Great Britain waved from the mast of the ship Bedford, Captain Moore, of Nantucket. She arrived at the Downs on February 3, 1783, and reported at the custom house on the 5th. A London journal of 1783 states that "she was not allowed regular entry until a consultation had taken place between the commissioners of customs and the lords of council, on account of the several acts of Parliament yet in force against the rebels in America. She is loaded with 487 bolls of white oil, is American built, manned wholly by American seamen, wears the rebel colors, and belongs to the island of Nantucket, in Massachusetts. This is the first vessel to display the thirteen rebellious stripes in any British port. The vessel is at Horsleydown, a little below the tower, and is intended immediately to return to New England."

President Garfield was taken from the White House to the Franklin cottage at Elberon, near Long Branch, on Tuesday. The start was made shortly after 6 o'clock in the morning, and the cottage was reached soon after 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At Washington and Elberon, and at the various railway stations between these points, crowds of people gathered to see the train, and stood, with heads uncovered, and in silence, as the wounded man was carried past, exhibiting the intense solicitude everywhere felt. The President bore the journey fully as well as was anticipated, and made no complaint until he reached the cottage, when he spoke of pain in the back. His pulse and temperature were very high in the evening, as a result of the ride. The physicians speak hopefully of the future, and expect that the change will speedily prove beneficial.

Probably the largest private land, owner on this continent is Colonel Dan Murphy, of Hancock Station, Elko county, Cal. He went to California in 1844. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada, and 25,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago for \$200,000 cash, or 5 cents an acre. It is sixty miles long and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along.

The New Jersey Enterprise states that Prothman's Folwell has ascertained that he is allowed by law to charge but \$1.25 for registering physicians, and that those who paid in excess of that sum have their money back. It would be interesting to know what reasons Mr. Folwell can give for having required an illegal fee for registering physicians, and how he can still charge \$1.25, when the law names \$1.00 as the fee. If he has the right to demand 25 cents additional to the \$1.00, why hasn't he the right to demand any sum he may choose?

The New Jersey Mirror, says that in 1819 good board was advertised at Manahawkin, in that State, then a favorite summer resort, for from \$2 to \$2.50 per week. The retail price of butter at that time was 12 to 12 1/2 cts. per pound; oats were 25 cents per bushel; apple-whiskey 33 cents per gallon and rye-whiskey 30 cents per gallon. The greatly enhanced price at the present day of the two latter products of New Jersey has no effect in diminishing the consumption, which is rapidly increasing at all seaside resorts where spirituous liquors are sold.

A HISTORIC RIDE.

The President is at Long Branch. After a journey which his surgeons evidently regarded with some apprehension, he is out of the Washington atmosphere, and is in a more hopeful condition. Millions of citizens united yesterday in devout prayers for his recovery, and at the same hour all the science and art of the century was employed in the effort to move him without danger. "Trust in God, and keep your powder dry," was the watchword of the Parliaments. Infinite power works through human agencies. Even while millions were praying, thousands of skilled men were doing their utmost to save the life of the President.

This ride will be historic. One grand soldier and a strong horse made immortal the ride through the Valley of Virginia. But here were employed all the resources of civilization. "Fifty-five miles an hour: the movement of the car scarcely felt; pulse 102," was the dispatch which told how far science had conquered space; the greatest railroad company in the world had placed its best engine and engineer at the disposal of the President, and in seven hours had constructed a car especially fitted for his needs. Paper wheels, spring-boards for the bed, wire gauze for the windows, a false roof to keep off the heat, trains stopped wherever the noise of their passing might disturb the Nation's patient—such were the provisions of the Pennsylvania Company for the emergency. At sixty miles an hour a full glass of water was not spilled. The skilled surgeons to direct the speed of the train, the swift telegraphers to send orders, the trained attendants to meet every want, and the loving friends to cheer the patient at every step—all these and other helps were supplied. But above all, the Nation offers its thanks to the Infinite Father, for the dangerous and trying trip has ended in safety.

The Nation reverently thanks God this day that the President is in position to have greater hope of recovery. It has been like a great battle between Death and Science. The Nineteenth Century has done what it could to save the life of a beloved and noble man, and the issue is with Him who doeth all things well. Perhaps the trip would not have been made, but for the dauntless courage of the President and his wife, who have insisted earnestly upon the trial. Perhaps a little delay in building new tracks at Washington or at Elberon might have cost the patient his life. Certainly, an instant's neglect by a train conductor, engineer, switchman or station-agent might have brought sorrow to all the land. Even the waiting crowds, which stood with loving silence as the train whirled by, did their part. This removal has tested the civilization of the country. Imperial power could not have done better, and the Nation rejoices to-day that its efforts do not seem to have been unsuccessful.

The strain of such a journey, to a man so weak as the President, may not be immediately felt. Some reaction is possible and the late dispatches show that the immediate effect of the journey was a high pulse. A weaker condition and greater appearance of danger would not be surprising. But the patient seems to have strength enough to resist the fatigue, and the change will give him new courage and hope. He has longed for it, and the escape from the malaria of Washington may seem to him an escape from the shadow of death. That the surgeons in charge believed his removal necessary is known, and they would not have taken such a risk without reason. While praying for the recovery of the President and hoping that the efforts of human skill and science may not be ineffective, the Nation knows that it must wait for some hours or days before the final result of this brave and skillful undertaking can be disclosed. N. Y. Tribune.

Two conventions are to meet in November for the purpose of considering the revision of the tariff. The American Iron and Steel Association announces such a meeting to be held in New York, while the Industrial League of America proposes that a similar conference meet at Chicago. The necessity of a revision is admitted, although the difficulties of the work itself are considerable and invite the cooperation of very many interests, including the Treasury officials, the manufacturers, and the merchants, beside legal talent and numerous experts. The New York Times repeats what has been often said before, that the whole tariff is a bad affair, and it adds that—

"No protectionist, has ever been found who would admit that any single provision of the present tariff was not, if construed in favor of the nearest possible approach to prohibition, a perfect provision, or so nearly perfect that it could only be improved by being made stricter. During the past fifteen years various efforts have been made from time to time to change one or another of the more absurd and oppressive features of the tariff. They have invariably encountered the united and energetic opposition of the protectionists, who have acted on the avowed policy that there must be given no opportunity for the entrance of the thin end of the wedge of amendment."

This is a wild statement. It is not republican doctrine. Neither is it "protectionist" or even American doctrine. On the contrary, if the last national campaign brought out any fact, it is this, that the tariff discriminates in favor of American interests. These sentiments were especially marked in Indiana and other agricultural States, and they are known to be strong in the South. It is this fact and the well known anomalies in the tariff which call for intelligent revision. The principles on which it rests remain intact. —Boston Advertiser.

The Hon. Hendrick B. Wright died at his residence, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Friday last. He was born at Plymouth, Luzerne county, Pa., April 24, 1800. He has been active as a Democratic politician for a large portion of his life, having occupied many official positions. As early as 1842 he was a member of the State Legislature, and he was elected to Congress in 1861, also in 1872, 1878 and 1880.

THE APACHE RAID.

Fortunately the reported massacre of Carr's command in southern Arizona proves to be untrue, or grossly exaggerated. The nearest agency is at San Carlos; the agent sends word that there was no massacre, and in the fight only one officer and ten men were killed. Trouble in that country has been long anticipated, and it will be very strange if there is not more of it. Of the cause of the fight it is impossible to get from the story of the Indian runners any clear account. The cause alleged, the attempt to arrest a medicine man who had been stirring up strife, was in all probability only the incident which brought on the outbreak, while the real provocation lies in the hostile relations which have been permitted to grow and intensify between the Indians and settlers through all that southern country.

The Apaches have now a hard name. It was not always so. The reports of the Indian office relate many things about them which inspire respect. They have always been a mountain race, and they have the wild, free habits of their kind. Their nation is divided into tribes and bands, who chafe under the restraint of their own chiefs, and are now more restless than ever in view of the chains which they plainly see tightening around them. The White Mountain and San Carlos Apaches have a reservation, it is true, and in the intervals of their roving life they have made some attempts to cultivate it. But they know only too well that white men are their foes, and that sooner or later it will be taken from them. "Four times already," said the surveyor-general of Arizona in 1878, "since the reservation was originally established, it has been reduced, twice to exclude the white men, twice to exclude agricultural lands upon which some settlements had been made previous to its establishment."

It is said the White Mountain Apaches, the tribe or band engaged in this last outbreak, have never been thoroughly subdued. There have been many times in the last ten years when it would have been possible to subdue them without firing a gun or striking a blow. It is but a little more than ten years since a golden opportunity was lost by the massacre of an Apache camp in Arizona—men, women and children, three or four hundred of them. They were prisoners of war, and were in charge of Lieutenant Whitman, commanding a small military garrison at Camp Grant. This gallant and humane officer was engaged in negotiations which seemed in a fair way to bring all the hostile Apaches of that region into subjection by their free consent. His plans were thwarted by a crime as dark and cruel as any recorded in the melancholy annals of our Indian service. Again and again since that time some first steps have been taken toward securing the confidence of the outlawed bands, and making it for their interest to live in peace within the limits of their own possessions—only the white man's side of the account is based on the probable time it took to form the present sizes of the vertical stalactites formed on the fallen column. It is about twenty feet in length, to fourteen in diameter. As it is only a fragment, the original height must have been fifty feet, and its weight four hundred tons.

A small open space called the "Organ-room," contains at one side a series of pipes, which, if struck with a small piece of wood, will produce a number of graded musical sounds. The grading of the stalactites, side by side, is the curiosity, for I think any part of the cave will produce sounds when struck, some of which are very loud. The "Lost Blanket" is one of the most natural sights. It plainly shows its colored stripes when a torch is held behind it. The only human relic is an enervated skeleton, which has been pronounced by a professional to be that of a man; it lies in the bottom of a pit. This place of darkness, damp and gloom, was illuminated on this day by innumerable candles, and guides stationed at every point, show formations of a more striking nature. But the fluted columns, groups of stalactite, the little pools, forming lakes of clear, pure water, the wonderful formations on every hand, above and below and on every side, the dark holes and chasms in every direction, awaken within us deep feelings of admiration, wonder and awe.

As we pass along, hearing the entrance, we feel a little more natural and relieved. We find we have walked several miles, and been in the cave for two hours. Reaching daylight and suddenly stepping into the open heated air, makes us feel cold and faint for a little while. After refreshing ourselves at the hotel, and dinner partaken of, our spirits are renewed, and we start on our return trip with almost the courage and buoyancy with which we set out. We alight at Manassas at 10 o'clock, P. M., feeling well repaid for our day's journey. YAM.

The Annual Fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society will be held at Waverly, Sept. 19th to 23rd, inclusive, and for the benefit of those wishing to attend, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale, at reduced rates, excursion tickets to Waverly and return from all ticket stations on the United Railroads of New Jersey Division, in New Jersey. The attractions are many, and embrace exhibits of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry; farm, orchard and dairy products; farm machinery and vehicles. There will be on the 20th lawn tennis matches; on the 21st a grand bicycle tournament and La Crosse matches, and on the 22d a grand equestrian tournament. The horse track will be opened on the 19th, at 12 noon, and the portion of the entertainment continued daily throughout the exhibition. The cash premiums will amount to upwards of \$15,000.

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THE CENTURY CLUB.

Will you all go with us, Charlie, Madge and I, to Luray, and visit this wonderful cave, discovered here a few years ago? We are not a dull company, for we seek pleasure and improvement at the same time. We will take the cars at Manassas, Prince William Co., Virginia, and three hours of our trip we will be easily away, with our merry laugh and talk, until we change to the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, when we speed swiftly along through a beautiful country until "Luray" greets our ears. We soon transfer ourselves to carriages. We have a dusty ride of a mile, and reach the entrance of the cave that is covered by a wooden building.

Obtaining our tickets we descend a long flight of stairs, and as we go we are conscious of a gradual cooling; and upon stepping into the cave we feel chilly for a few moments. The ground is wet enough to make it quite slippery, and one must be careful not to make a misstep either to the right or left, or they might suddenly find themselves in a cavern or dark declivity, that perhaps no human foot ever touched. These you see on every side as you pass along. The roof of the cave is said to be one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in thickness, and consists of limestone, through which the water soaks in slow continual drops, each drop holding its atom of limestone, which will in time (for it may take centuries) come to some form of respectable proportion. The impression the cave gives one is, that the earth had crumbled, the lower portion falling away, and as it fell—like a sticky substance—leaves columns reaching from bottom to top, others only half way, all sizes, from the most minute. The sides resemble falling water frozen in cascades, shading from white to light brown.

We came first on the "Ladies' Flower Garden," then upon the "Fish Market," which looks like large bunches of fish hung in a row. The "Giant's Hallway" is filled with immense columns and statues. The "Hall-room" is a large circular space. On one side is a little enclosure resembling a grave-yard with two small graves by their headstones. On another is a small room-like space, with a stalagmite resembling a figure; it is called "Cinderella leaving the Ball-room." We now mount a long flight of steps, and come upon the smallest, but most natural formation—a little "Bird's nest" holding three eggs. It is about the size of a sparrow's nest.

In many places we found close walking, the stalactites and stalagmites so close as to allow only one to pass at a time. At one place the roof was so close, we had to stoop very low for a couple of yards. The "Fallen Column" seemed to me the most wonderful thing. An eminent scientist is quoted as saying that some convulsion of nature must have thrown it from its position, that four thousand years must have passed since its falling, that seven millions of years were consumed in its formation. The column is based on the probable time it took to form the present sizes of the vertical stalactites formed on the fallen column. It is about twenty feet in length, to fourteen in diameter. As it is only a fragment, the original height must have been fifty feet, and its weight four hundred tons.

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Obtaining our tickets we descend a long flight of stairs, and as we go we are conscious of a gradual cooling; and upon stepping into the cave we feel chilly for a few moments. The ground is wet enough to make it quite slippery, and one must be careful not to make a misstep either to the right or left, or they might suddenly find themselves in a cavern or dark declivity, that perhaps no human foot ever touched. These you see on every side as you pass along. The roof of the cave is said to be one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in thickness, and consists of limestone, through which the water soaks in slow continual drops, each drop holding its atom of limestone, which will in time (for it may take centuries) come to some form of respectable proportion. The impression the cave gives one is, that the earth had crumbled, the lower portion falling away, and as it fell—like a sticky substance—leaves columns reaching from bottom to top, others only half way, all sizes, from the most minute. The sides resemble falling water frozen in cascades, shading from white to light brown.

We came first on the "Ladies' Flower Garden," then upon the "Fish Market," which looks like large bunches of fish hung in a row. The "Giant's Hallway" is filled with immense columns and statues. The "Hall-room" is a large circular space. On one side is a little enclosure resembling a grave-yard with two small graves by their headstones. On another is a small room-like space, with a stalagmite resembling a figure; it is called "Cinderella leaving the Ball-room." We now mount a long flight of steps, and come upon the smallest, but most natural formation—a little "Bird's nest" holding three eggs. It is about the size of a sparrow's nest.

In many places we found close walking, the stalactites and stalagmites so close as to allow only one to pass at a time. At one place the roof was so close, we had to stoop very low for a couple of yards. The "Fallen Column" seemed to me the most wonderful thing. An eminent scientist is quoted as saying that some convulsion of nature must have thrown it from its position, that four thousand years must have passed since its falling, that seven millions of years were consumed in its formation. The column is based on the probable time it took to form the present sizes of the vertical stalactites formed on the fallen column. It is about twenty feet in length, to fourteen in diameter. As it is only a fragment, the original height must have been fifty feet, and its weight four hundred tons.

The "Organ-room" contains at one side a series of pipes, which, if struck with a small piece of wood, will produce a number of graded musical sounds. The grading of the stalactites, side by side, is the curiosity, for I think any part of the cave will produce sounds when struck, some of which are very loud. The "Lost Blanket" is one of the most natural sights. It plainly shows its colored stripes when a torch is held behind it. The only human relic is an enervated skeleton, which has been pronounced by a professional to be that of a man; it lies in the bottom of a pit. This place of darkness, damp and gloom, was illuminated on this day by innumerable candles, and guides stationed at every point, show formations of a more striking nature. But the fluted columns, groups of stalactite, the little pools, forming lakes of clear, pure water, the wonderful formations on every hand, above and below and on every side, the dark holes and chasms in every direction, awaken within us deep feelings of admiration, wonder and awe.

As we pass along, hearing the entrance, we feel a little more natural and relieved. We find we have walked several miles, and been in the cave for two hours. Reaching daylight and suddenly stepping into the open heated air, makes us feel cold and faint for a little while. After refreshing ourselves at the hotel, and dinner partaken of, our spirits are renewed, and we start on our return trip with almost the courage and buoyancy with which we set out. We alight at Manassas at 10 o'clock, P. M., feeling well repaid for our day's journey. YAM.

The Annual Fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society will be held at Waverly, Sept. 19th to 23rd, inclusive, and for the benefit of those wishing to attend, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale, at reduced rates, excursion tickets to Waverly and return from all ticket stations on the United Railroads of New Jersey Division, in New Jersey. The attractions are many, and embrace exhibits of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry; farm, orchard and dairy products; farm machinery and vehicles. There will be on the 20th lawn tennis matches; on the 21st a grand bicycle tournament and La Crosse matches, and on the 22d a grand equestrian tournament. The horse track will be opened on the 19th, at 12 noon, and the portion of the entertainment continued daily throughout the exhibition. The cash premiums will amount to upwards of \$15,000.

Barclay J. Smith, formerly of Newtown, is said to be doing a flourishing business in San Francisco. It is reported that he started the first grocery store in that city where intoxicating liquors were not sold, and is meeting with much success.

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A STREET CAR CONDUCTOR'S OPINION OF WOMEN

"Where do the bad come from?" was asked. "That's more than I know—where they come from in the first place. I see them when I get hold of a bad half dollar and don't feel just like passing it off myself, so he just gives it to his wife and don't say anything about it. And even if she does know the piece is bad, it doesn't make a mite of difference. A woman, young man, is one of the queerest things in the world—one of the queerest things in the world. I often stop and say to myself: 'Well, now, what did she do that for?' A woman has no idea of other people's rights at all. So when she gets hold of half a dollar, she just naturally passes it off again.

"Disheveled! Why, bless you, no, she doesn't mean to do anything disheveled it's just her nature; she can't help it. She don't want the half dollar—of course she don't—so there is just one thing to do, and that is to pass it off on someone else. But, I tell you, you have to be powerful careful how you treat a woman. Some of 'em want you to help 'em on the car, now, and others won't let you touch 'em. So, either way you do, you're sure to make half of 'em mad. I stopped the car—it was only yesterday morning—to let a woman off, gave her plenty of time, and she got both feet on the ground, then she started, but she wanted it to wait until she was a yard away, so what does she do but jump on again, and make the car come to a dead stop. There is no accounting for 'em no way.

"Most of them go by the elevated road now, do they not?"

"Yes, a good many of 'em do. Before the elevated road was built I used to carry the girls to the Normal school every morning. They used to come all at once, so many of them had to sit in one another's laps. They'd look at me, and I'd tell 'em they looked as fresh and sweet as a basket of peaches, all ranged in rows. But I don't see much of them now."

"Well, now, I don't know. I'd rather carry a car full of men any day. They know what the conductor's business is and don't get mad for nothing. They give us fewer headaches, too. Why, you'd have a glass dollar up at the house, and a woman would come in. I was a fool to take it, but I'll pass it off on some man again. When the car is pretty dark they won't notice it. You see they're not used to it as I am.—New York Tribune.

FIGHTING WHALES.

"Sometimes sperm whales are dangerous to whale boats, especially when a crank 'whale' is met," said an old whaler. "I have heard men say that the sperm whale will never show fight, but it struck me that they had never sailed in a whaler. The first fight with a sperm whale in which I took a hand was in 1869, when I was sighted one afternoon a fine large whale about five miles off, and when we were near enough we luffed up and lowered away the boats. The captain himself had one boat, the mate had one, and an old whaler had another. I was with the mate. You have heard about whales running from boats, but this one stood ground and did not seem to be afraid of us. Our boat reached him, and as a sign as the whale saw us coming he came at us 'bows on.' We lost no time in getting out of his way, and it made us laugh to see the other boats dodge round. This made the men a trifle nervous, and when we tried him again they backed away for dear life, afraid to go near enough for the harpoon to throw his weapon. This made the mate raving mad, and as a consequence, we went so near the next time that the whale opened his cavernous jaws and bit the boat in two.

"After the men had been fished out of the water by the old whaler's boat the mate got into the captain's boat and tried the whale again. When they started the mate stood up in the bow and yelled: 'The first man who looks out the boat at that whale will be struck with this harpoon.' Away they went right up to the spouter's head. The harpoon was driven home and the boat backed away. The cold steel had done its worst work, for soon the sea was red with blood and the monster whaler, after thrashing the water into foam, lay dead."

THIS IS THE DULL SEASON IN BOOKS,

and has been thought that the bookishness of this season is declining. The autumn announcements of J. R. Osgood & Co., are, therefore, doubly welcome. They are brilliant, and encourage the pleasantest hopes. The firm promises a new and illustrated edition of Lord Lytton's *Lancelot*; a quarto edition of Thackeray's *Bartholomew*; a new edition of *Illustrations of the Earth's Surface*, by Shaler and Davis; a new work by Mark Twain; a history of the American Episcopal church; the history of Hartford, by J. Hammond Trumbull; Imola's commentary of Dante; but the list is too long for enumeration here. Suffice it to say, for the satisfaction of all honorable book-lovers, that the announcement covers a field sufficiently large to meet some of the most important needs in many directions. In illustrating volumes the firm has exceptional resources, and it is pleasant to notice that these are devoted to such valuable works as Professor Shaler's and General Norton's. Publishing is a liberal profession, and it is a matter of importance when the best traditions of publishing are preserved. Nor can it be doubted that only such houses are entitled to the homage which is usually offered to great authors and their friends, the publishers.—Boston Advertiser.

HOMES—STORIES—The belief in witchcraft, which in years gone by was so extensively entertained, has not yet died out, and in many of our country villages it is regarded as one of those secret dangers which every home is more or less exposed.

Hence we find various devices resorted to for the purpose of counteracting the supposed harmful influences of this baneful power, instances of which we subjoin. Thus, according to a common idea, one of the best preservatives is a horse shoe nailed to the threshold. The reason of this is said to be that Mars, the god of war, and the war-horse, was thought to be an enemy to Satan, who, according to a medieval idea, was the liege lord of witches. Thus, iron instruments of any kind have been said to keep witches at bay—a superstition which has been traced back to the time of the Romans, who drove nails into the walls of their houses as an antidote against the plague. Mr. Napier says that he has seen the horse-shoe in large beer shops in London, and was present in the parlor of one of these when an animated discussion arose as to whether it was most effective to have the shoe nailed behind the door or upon the wall. The discussion was continued until the door was opened, and the first step of the door, upon which the shoe was nailed, was found to be in a state of extraordinary luck, and was accounted as having attended them.—Dyer's Domestic Folk-Lore.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

There was a rail road excursion from Jackson county yesterday, and among the crowd was a man who called at the office of the Chief of Police to make a statement. When the Chief was ready to hear the details the man began:

"I was just coming out of the depot when I met a fellow with a squint in his left eye. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, he held out his hand and said, 'How do you do, Judge Perkins?' I kindly held out my hand and said I was pretty well, thank you. I'm more Judge Perkins than you are, but I thought I'd draw the fellow out a little. Got that down?"

"Yes."

"Well, we shook hands and walked for the corner, and he asked me if I ever absorbed. I said I did, and we went over to a saloon and surrounded some beer. Are you following?"

"Yes."

"My friend said his name was Collins and that he was in the male business. Then we absorbed some more."

"Yes."

"He asked me if I didn't remember of having him in Toledo in 1896, and hang my buttons if I wasn't fool enough to remember! I wasn't in Toledo in '96, nor anywhere near it; but I saw a pretty good chance to make \$2. Hang me if I didn't think I'd found one Detroit good enough to fly right to heaven." Then we absorbed some more."

"Yes."

"Well, the chap wanted to pay me back the \$2, and I also wanted to get hold of it. He hands out this \$20 bill for me to change, and I gave him back \$14 and was to hand him \$6 more at the depot to-night. Then we absorbed some more."

"It's a counterfeiter's bill."

"You bet! and I'm a gone-up man! Parcell out Jack's a punny."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that \$2 of that \$14 was to buy school-books, and the other \$7 was to buy parousplasters and a new dress for a school teacher out there. I have been done for and laid low. Do I return to face the music? I do not. Do I jump into the river and sleep in the arms of death? I do not. I don't yet argue it. I want a dose of Colman's, a few instructions as to the best place to jump, and I will trouble earth no more."

"But he didn't jump. He had 22 cents, and this sum was enough to get drunk on. He was picked off the walk in the evening and taken to the station, and when asked his name, he replied:

"No use, old fellow, no use. If I lent you two dollars in Chicago in 1877 you can't say it back now—won't have it—won't take it."—Detroit Free Press.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PROPOSALS.

NEW STYLE.

Her eyes shone a beautiful, joyous light when he leaned forward and said:

"Julia, I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Augustus?" she asked, in a low, silvery voice—a kind of German silvery voice.

"Well, Julia, to be frank with you, I think," and then he seemed to be thinking. "I wish," he said, "that under some circumstances I might love you. Now, do you love me?"

"Yes, Augustus, I do love you—you know I do," and she flung her abaster arms around his neck.

"I am very glad, Julia," he said, "for I will be loved."

"But Augustus never said another word. Fashionable fellows never say more than that nowadays."

They were never married.

OLD STYLE.

"May I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Dear Paula! may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish it."

"And will you love me?"

Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

They were married and happy within three months.

WHAT MAN HAS BEEN HERE TO-DAY?

asked Mrs. Home-pun of her daughter Cicely, who had been left to see to the house while her mother was gone to the city. Mrs. Home-pun had only to look at the easy chair to know that Cicely had made company. The tidy, gleaming by corner, who she found as the old lady's face who plays that venerable hand organ in front of Park street church.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE UPPER PART OF SONOMA COUNTY,

Cal near the coast, is a road-bed in the tree tops. Between the Clippert Mills and Star's Point, where the road crosses a steep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level and the timber and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine mentioned, two big redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support, and are cut off seventy-five feet above the ground.

RELIGIOUS: On a recent Sunday, when the pastor of one of the leading Presbyterian churches of St. Louis was absent from his pulpit, several persons expressed dissatisfaction at seeing a stranger in the pulpit, and one lady said she could not have come if she had known that Dr. — was not going to preach. An elder standing near very promptly replied: "Madame, the worship of Dr. — will be resumed next Sunday."

BURGARS BROKE INTO THE HOUSE OF A

literate old man, and just as they were about to break into the house, the woman, who was dreaming she was being proposed to by a handsome young man, exclaimed: "Yes, love, I will marry you." The frightened burglars sprung thirty feet through the window sash, and never stopped until they were hid under a haystack fifteen miles from town.

Our set: "Angeline, my dear, you should not sit on the veranda in the edge of the evening; you will contract malaria," said a careful mother. "I know it, ma," was the cheerful reply; "that's what I'm trying to do. All our set have the malaria. It is quite the idea, I assure you. What could mamma say?"

One watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we each set to those around us.

A love (knot): She—"I do wish him near, because I love him." He—"Because you love him near I do wish him farther."—London Fun.

Never write the word "his" backward. It will be a "sin" if you do.

MISS HAMILTON, in a book on education,

mentions the instance of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word patriarchs; but when ever he was called it patriarchs. It could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to her that the boy, in calling them patriarchs, was making game of the patriarchs.

WHAT WE HATE.

We hate growing, no matter the source or cause and recommend herewith the remedy. Use St. Jacobs Oil and laugh at pain. It will do the work every time.

Try a bottle of the XLCOR Chill Remedy—50 cents—at Hollean's Dispensary, St. Pharmacy.

A Good Foundation.

One of the greatest troubles of our people is weakness of the stomach. As this soon causes indigestion, nervousness and Rheumatism, they prevail in almost every American household. There is positively no need for anybody to suffer from these painful troubles who can buy a 50 cent bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic, for this superior medicine always tones up the stomach and nervous system, and keeps the kidneys active in carrying off the foul matters, thus laying a good foundation for perfect health.—N. O. Pharmacy.

Having been afflicted with Hay

Fever for years I gave My's Cream Balm a trial, was much benefited if not permanently cured. I have had no real attacks since using it. R. H. Pugh, Editor Carbon County Democrat, Clunk, Pa. Price 50 cents.

Headache, Dyspepsia, Stomach,

and Constipation cured at once by Dr. Mettars' Headache and Dyspepsia Pills. Price 25 cents.



THE LEADING SCIENTISTS OF TO-DAY

agree that the most important discovery of the last few years is the discovery of the Kidney and Liver Cures. This has not only been known a short time but has been a great discovery, being able to cure the most serious diseases of the body. The discovery of Warner's Kidney and Liver Cures is a new era in the treatment of these diseases. It contains just the ingredients necessary to cleanse and purify the blood, and to restore the system to its normal state. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all diseases of the Kidney and Liver. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race.

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LIST OF ARTICLES USEFUL AT

This Season, With the Prices Attached.

Mosquito Netting.....5 to 10 cts. yd.
Fans—palm.....1 and 2 cts.
Japan.....3 to 10 cts.
Ladies' and gents' thin undershirts, as low as.....10 cts.
Thin Stockings.....5 cts.
Men's harvest or fishing hats.....7 cts.
Alpaca coats.....50 cts.
Striped summer coats.....35 cts.
Ladies' linen undershirts.....\$1.00
Thin Canvas slippers.....12 cts. yd.
Zephyr shawls.....75 to \$1.00
Ladies' elegant silk worked stockings, nice to wear with walking shoes, 18 cts. yd.
Laces for edging and trimming.....1 to 2 cts. yd.

These goods, at the extremely low prices quoted, can be obtained only at WOOD'S CASH STORE, Bristol.

Hardware and Iron.

At No. 47 Mill Street, BRISTOL, PA.

Can always be found a full and complete stock of Shelf and Heavy

HARDWARE!!

IRON & STEEL,

Nails and Cutlery,

FARM & GARDEN IMPLEMENTS,

WIRE SCREEN,

GUM HOSE,

Horse Shoes

Horse Shoe Nails.

LOWEST PRICES!

J. S. THOMAS,

At J. Milnor's Store, BRISTOL, PA.

Fine Groceries and Provisions

Dorrance Street MEAT MARKET!

Theodore Cornell

FULL SUPPLY OF MEAT OF ALL KINDS,

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

DIAMOND CATARRH REMEDY.

A Positive Cure for Catarrh of all kinds. It is Instantaneous in Effect and Permanent in Result. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all diseases of the Kidney and Liver. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race. It is a great discovery, and it is a great blessing to the human race.

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WM. C. PEIRCE,

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No. 136 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Second Floor, PHILADELPHIA.

Orders received for the purchase and sale of all kinds of investment securities.

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MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES & STONE

CUTTING in all its branches.

WE ARE Increasing Our Sales All The Time.

AND WHY?

BECAUSE—Our goods are always found as we represent them.

BECAUSE—Consumers have come to the conclusion they might as well have the best they can get, when they have to pay no more for it.

We are getting new coal and flour and feed customers every day or so.

Come examine our stock and give us a trial and satisfy yourself.

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